



## “BURY ME ON THE FIELD, BOYS.”

DEAR AVALANCHE: I have just read with a sense of deep humiliation the correspondence in which our people, forbidden to honor our dead, humbly plead that they only proposed to put flowers on the graves of “fathers and brothers.” The last words of the gallant General R. Wheat occurred to me:

“Bury me on the field, boys,” among the glory-crowned;  
The blue skies above me, and the moaning pines around.  
No strutting satrap’s foot, boys, should my bleeding country  
fall,  
Will venture to this wildwood, to hold our dust in thrall;  
To order you, melodious pines, sweet sisters by your graves,  
To stop their “demonstrations”—as well command the waves!  
For well I know, they’ll sing on thro’ the long and dreary  
night,  
Our deeds of lofty daring and the glory of the fight!

Then “bury me on the field, boys,” that no timid slave may  
come,  
Obsequious to the tyrant, where rattled once our drum;  
Where the brave and true of heart, boys, went down beneath  
the storm,  
Smiling as you see, boys, while sinks my helpless form.

“O, bury me on the field, boys,” where Washington declared,  
When Northern arms forsook him, and the British lion reared.  
\*At Rockfish Gap I’ll gather a legion still to save  
This land from England’s lion, but will not die a slave.”  
“O, bury me on the field, boys,” I ask no pompous tomb,  
But to sleep among the brave, boys, whatever fate may come,  
What though no woman’s hand, boys, should drop a single  
flower,  
When we struggled to defend her, when the battle raged with  
power,  
Her sweet affections still, boys, will visit our graves.  
As to ruined Sumter ever come the kneeling waves,

Then “bury me on the field, boys,” and when the wintry  
storm,  
Comes whooping from yon mountain and the cloud of demon  
form  
Renews the cannon’s thunder—if the dead return to earth,  
We’ll ride upon their fury in freedom’s lofty mirth,  
And if ye listen well, boys, methinks ye’ll hear the song  
Of Dixie high in Heaven as the tempest rolls along—  
Farewell, I’m sinking fast, boys, but tell my noble sire  
His fathers gather round me with all their wonted fire—  
I feel their presence now, boys, they bear me up to heaven.  
Remember!—“on the field, boys,” yes, yes, ‘tis dusk of even.

\*Washington’s words when the Jersey and Massachusetts troops were deserting.



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